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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1904. NUMBER 26

Follow the star of promise first seen in your early morning, nor desist though you find the labor toilsome and your guides mislead. In the ardor of his enthusiasm a youth set forth in quest of a man of whom he might take counsel as to his future, but after long search and many disappointments, he came near relinquishing the pursuit as hopeless, when suddenly it occurred to him that one must first be a man to find a man, and profiting by this suggestion he set himself to the work of becoming himself the man he had been seeking so long and fruitlessly. When last heard from he was still on the stretch, near the end of his journey, the goal in his eye, his star blazing more brightly than when he first beheld it.

"The eldest god is still a child."

—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

"The Dying Message of Paracelsus," with introductory and explanatory matter, beautifully printed, will be an Easter Offering for 1904 published by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. It will be dedicated to the members of his Browning classes. A limited number will be placed for sale with Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago. Ready for delivery March 10th. Price 50 cents, 3 copies for $1.00.

UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1904. NUMBER 26

A Wisconsin man, according to the *Milwaukee Sentinel,* went to Alaska in search of gold. Incidentally, with some energetic partners, he engaged in blue fox-farming. In five years the sixty-six pairs of foxes originally invested in have increased to a colony of fifteen hundred foxes, the fur of which is worth from ten to eighty dollars per skin. There possibly is an ethical lesson in this experience of the Wisconsin *"Badger,"* but we will let our readers look for it.

In the dire developments of the present war we are at a loss to know which needs the most sympathy—the thus-far conquering Japanese or the humiliated Russians. Russia may take time to think of Siberia and Kischeneff, and, like "Nickie Ben," may "take a thought and mend." But to the Japanese, intoxicated with success, there is little chance for a moment's sober reflection. The day may come when Japan will curse the civilization that gave to it the greed for warships and taught it how to use them. Alas for Japan that it should ever have thirsted for the powers of the gory centuries gone rather than trusted to the bloodless triumphs of the peaceful centuries that are to come.

And now the Porto Ricans want to play it alone. With the stimulating example of Cuba near at hand, why not let them try? It has been little revenue and less glory to the United States. We can still play the part of the big brother, always ready to lend a helping hand when it is asked for. Meanwhile, why not let them engage in the most profitable exercise that any individual or nation can possibly engage in—the exercise of self-government? The old principle holds. A poor self-government is better for the governed than the best government ever projected by an outside force and imposed upon them by an alien race. It costs but little to give the Porto Ricans a chance to show what they can do.

J. B. Riddle, who is rendering high service as probation officer in Chicago, with headquarters at the Hull House, has been doing some good work in the local press in behalf of children's playgrounds. In one of these articles he writes:

> In the 19th ward we have twenty-three different nationalities. In the course of a year I come in contact with fifteen or sixteen of this number. In their homes the children are surrounded by the atmosphere of the fatherland, while on the street or in the schools they have the contrast of a new land and new customs. The intermingling of nationalities with their old-world customs, traditions and perjudices and, above all, their different religious observances of fast days and feast days is confusing to the child's mind and makes it difficult to fix upon what is right. At home they listen to the talk of the older folk as their thoughts go back to the "old country," to the smoking chimneys of their little villages, the longer twilight of northern Europe or the softer climate of southern Italy; and then they retell it in their fanciful way about a bonfire in some vacant lot near the river or the tracks —the only innocent adventure they have, but one which the city ordinances forbid.

Last week we expressed regret that the Marquette Club, of Chicago, should have used Lincoln's birthday for partisan campaign purposes. We confess to a like surprise and disappointment when the Union League Club, of Chicago, which has done so much to make the celebration of Washington's birthday a classic holiday in this city, brought ex-Secretary Root here to discuss the Panama Canal and to vindicate recent actions of the administration in relation to the Columbian Revolutionists. The Panama Canal is an interesting subject and ex-Secretary Root's opinion has great weight, but again we submit that the memory of Washington should lift this holiday above the disputations of current controversies. The Union League Club, of Chicago, has done much toward stimulating patriotism among the public school children of Chicago, and we are sorry that the traditions of the day should be disturbed by the rude practicalities that are in dispute. Let a few days in the year be consecrated to the idealities and the harmonies and the immaterial wealth of our nation, age and race.

Our old friend, Rev. John Snyder, publishes in the *Christian Register* a story of Herbert Spencer, which is too good to be allowed to stop. When the Czar of Russia visited England he was entertained by the Duchess of Devonshire. Huxley, Darwin and Spencer were among the invited guests, but they were informed that they were expected to appear in court costume. Herbert Spencer having, as he said, "no notion of dressing himself to look like a monkey," declined the invitation, although the Duchess sent the assurance that she "would be charmed to receive a person of Mr. Spencer's distinction in any costume." Darwin, receiving the same explanation, went to the dinner in ordinary evening dress; or, as Spencer put it, "dressed like a gentleman." Huxley accepted and went in court costume. "What would you have done?" said Mr. Spencer to John Fiske, to whom he told the story. Mr. Fiske replied, "Why, I think it was making a mighty big fuss over a very small matter." To which Mr. Spencer replied: "That is just like you Americans. You let anybody impose upon you. You let anybody steal your liberties little by little until some day you will wake up and find you have not any left."

UNITY rejoices in every indication of a change of emphasis from the material, athletic and so-called social life of our universities to the studious, ethical and spiritual tasks of character-building. So we make room for some scathing words of Prof. S. H. Clark, of the University of Chicago, in a recent address to the Junior College. The words of the professor may be a little drastic, but the surprising thing is that the main contention should be resented on the campus or

should be the subject of any doubt on the part of any true academic student whose primal motive in going to college should be, not to have a good time, but to build one's self up in wisdom, enlarge the life and lay the foundations of noble character.

"The fraternities of the University of Chicago," declared Prof. Clark in his talk to the junior college students, "are, most of them, a disgrace to the institution. Their members squander their money on dances and the fraternities do not pay their rent or many of their other debts. Because of such actions the fraternities are types of absolute immorality."

To the students in general Professor Clark said: "You are all beggars, dependent on the university. You come here and pay $120 a year for an education and it costs the university $300 for each one of you. You are objects of charity. What are you doing to justify the expenditure of this money? The poor man of the stock yards district pays taxes to help educate you. The millionaire who gives money to the university does not deserve all the credit. It is a charity to him to take his money. You owe the poor man most. What are you going to do to pay your debts? A man owes more to his college than to whoop football nonsense. I'd like to see you whoop up something more worth while. What we need is moral growth, not more money or more inventions in the world. If we never had another invention in the world for a thousand years and progressed morally instead of physically how great our progress would be."

An exchange gives a list of "happy spots" on the earth, places that rival the fabled Utopia. Here are some of them. Denmark claims that there is not a single person in her dominion who cannot read and write. The Island of Katuba on the northeast of New Guinea, surrounded by a coral wall three hundred feet high, maintains thirteen villages where war, crime and poverty have been unknown. Canton Vaud in Switzerland has no paupers. It is said to be the most peaceful and comfortable community in Europe. Finland has no banks and no need of safe deposits. Luggage is safe anywhere. Agneta Park, near Delft, Holland, a tract of ten acres, has one hundred and fifty houses, each with a garden, with certain common buildings and common grounds. All the residents are employes of one great company. They form a corporation and own the park. In none of these places is the bayonet in evidence, or is there a clamor for standing armies. If we could only get rid of the guns, probably these little patches would be multiplied in number and increased in area.

For uniqueness of design, daring typographical innovations, and for a peculiar, indescribable but bewitching *fixiness*, commend us to the Paul Elder Publishing House of San Francisco. They always surprise one; they do things in a way nobody else does. The last things at hand quite baffle description. We do not know what to call the paper, how to describe the type, or what the term is for a pamphlet in a pocket with lap covers. The most attractive one is the publication of some memorial verses, "Consolato," for the Leland Stanford University in memory of certain members of the graduating class who died last year. The next are four mosaic essays suitable for Easter, entitled "Happiness," "Success," "Nature," and "Friendship," each of which is obtainable in three different styles, ranging in price from fifty cents to five dollars. The literary touch is as marked in these essays as the typographical, the selections ranging from "Margaret of Navarre" to Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. "Nature" contains a frontispiece after William Keith's "In the Heart of the Woods." This Paul Elder Company will repay watching. You never know what it will do next, and when you have watched you will probably patronize.

A blank form of "application for the use of school buildings for other than school purposes," issued by the board of education of the city of Chicago, lies before us, and it is a hopeful indication of the beginning already made toward making of the public school a social center, such as was indicated in our editorial note of last week on "The Public Schools of Tomorrow." The law permitting such use of public school buildings was only passed at the last state legislature. The instructions on the back of the blank before us provide "that the use of school buildings or rooms after regular school hours may be granted upon the approval of the superintendent of schools to individuals or organizations for distinctively educational work, provided the individual or organization to whom such permission is granted shall agree to "bear the expense of heat, light and janitor service for such space as they use." A schedule of prices follows, some of which we give: Use of assembly hall in evening, including heat, light and service, $9.50; the same, without heat, $5; afternoons, heat and service, without light, $6; afternoons, without heat and light, $3; class rooms in connection, $1 each. An increase on these figures is given for the use of rooms on Saturday, Saturday evening, Sunday and Sunday evening, the use of single class rooms ranging from one dollar to two dollars and a half. Naturally the privileges are very severely guarded in this schedule. Neither public sentiment nor school boards have a generous faith in the public. There will long remain a suspicion that the public is given to vandalism or that the public school house is something easily spoiled. But the time will surely come when the public school building of the city will be given back to those who built it and will be the natural place of rendezvous for the "district," as was the primitive log school house in the settlement. It is the only building built by all the people, and consequently the only one in which all the people have rights. What if the day should come when the public school house will never be dark and cold except when all honest people are in bed? Would it not all the more be a place for the intellectual training of children, a school of citizenship? "But this would be hard on the building," you say. Certainly, but let it be worn out, and build another.

Apropos to the plea in our Pulpit department this week for a better understanding of the pioneers who settled the Mississippi Valley, there comes to our table news of the final surrender of one of Wisconsin's heroic pioneers, Benjamin F. Moore, the early navigator, mill builder and lumberman of the Wolf and Fox rivers and Lake Winnebago. Mr. Moore came to Wisconsin in 1841. It took eighteen days to transport his goods on the Fox River from Green Bay to the Indian station of Taycheedah. Two years later he built his first saw mill and instituted steam navigation to carry the product of the mill to the foot of the lake where was to

grow up the city of Fond du Lac, which became his home, the object of his pride and the recipient of his energies. By 1852, he had seven steamboats, with a fleet of barges, on Lake Winnebago. From that time on his story is identified with the history of the development of that country. Mr. Moore's father and grandfather were pioneers before him. His forefathers came from Andover, England, to help found the Andover of New England. One of his fore elders built a log house in the wilderness where now is the city of Lowell. Another one, after serving in the Continental army, penetrated the unexplored regions of Maine. The Wisconsin veteran was the tenth child in a family of thirteen, twelve of whom lived to maturity. Mr. Moore himself was born in Maine in 1819 and passed through the various tuitions that belong to a pioneer—at the printer's case, behind the counter of a fancy goods store which belonged to his brother in Philadelphia, salesman in New York, navigator, lumberman, real estate, railroad man, and a manufacturer of wagons, ever overcoming obstacles; meanwhile founding a home, rearing a family, and ever identified with the heroic duties of a progressive man in politics and religion. Away back with the generation that has passed he helped to establish and support a Unitarian church in Fond du Lac, and his interest in ideas was keen to the last. Only a few weeks ago, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, he was an alert listener at All Souls Church, Chicago, and to the present writer he recited without loss of word or break of line the entire poem of the Russian Derzhavin, as translated by Sir John Bowring, the poem which had been to him a confession of faith from early manhood. The deep fervor of his voice, the devout emotions indicated by the quivering lip and the tear-dimmed eye witnessed to the deep religious nature of the man who all his life long had borne his testimony by standing up and standing out with the unpopular, the so-called "heretical" crowd. Well does the local paper say, "All who consider religion a matter of deeds and not of creeds knew Mr. Moore for a religious man." Nine out of ten children that were born to make his home happy survive, living witnesses to the culture, refinement, civic loyalty and essential religiousness that belong to the home of the true pioneer, who grows tender through hardship and is made gentle by privation. The story of Wisconsin is epitomized in the stories of such men as Benjamin Franklin Moore, of Fond du Lac, whose confession of faith he offered in the poem alluded to above, to the opening lines alone of which we can give space:

"O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone:
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!"

Happiness is a very beautiful thing—the most beautiful and heavenly thing in the world—but it is a result, a spiritual condition, and is not predetermined by a bank account or by the flattering incense of praise.

—*Lilian Whiting.*

The Case of Professor Triggs.

Once more the American public is confronted by a painful practical contradiction between university pretension and university practice as regards the freedom of instruction and the right of independent thinking on the part of university instructors.

Professor Triggs is a young man, a graduate of the Minnesota University, who won his Ph. D. in the University of Chicago and was immediately placed among the corps of instructors. For six or more years he has been one of the best known instructors in the university. It is suggested by those in a position to know that he has probably had in his classes more graduate students and more of those pursuing elective studies than any other teacher in the university. Whether this be the case or not, it is certainly true that professor Triggs' classes have been eagerly sought after, and his students have been enthusiastic over the instruction received. The cause is not far to seek: Professor Triggs is himself enthusiastic in modern literature. He is an expert interpreter of the writings of Robert Browning, Walt Whitman, John Ruskin and William Morris. He has taken these men seriously, and he has helped a host of men and women to take serious views of these authors.

He has ventured to interpret not only the writings but the industrial achievements of William Morris; he has been an active promoter of the Arts and Crafts movement in Chicago and elsewhere; he has been frequently heard outside of regular college work as an interpreter of these men and movements; and now Chicago is startled by the announcement that Professor Triggs is dropped—not dismissed—his name is simply omitted from the triennial list of nominations. It is the old story. Nobody will offer a reason, and nobody knows who is responsible. The president merely says that the head of the department did not send in his name, and the head of the department, as usual, says nothing, though the secretary of the board, perhaps injudiciously, has talked a little—he is apt to talk—and he says, if the newspapers are right, that "President Harper has defended Mr. Triggs in the board of trustees for three years; each year members of the board who were prejudiced against him brought up the matter and were overruled by the president." But, of course, the board of trustees never talk.

Whoever is responsible, the sad fact remains. A young man who is a successful teacher, against whose character, moral earnestness and intellectual ability there is no breath of reproach, is here dealt a serious if not a fatal blow in his professional career, for experience shows that universities are slow to overrule one another's decisions. In all probability, Mr. Triggs' career as an university instructor is thwarted and nobody will tell why, though everybody can make a very safe guess. A long time ago the newspapers forced a notoriety upon Professor Triggs by tearing out of their proper settings certain sentences which compared the creative power of Rockefeller and Pullman with that of Milton and Shakespeare, and which spoke of much of the material of our hymn books as doggerel

and gave secondary place to Longfellow among the poets, all of which opinions are quite consonant with the consensus of the competent when properly explained. But it brought the laugh on Mr. Triggs and necessarily on the university, and university trustees do not like to be laughed at. President Harper has recently stoutly maintained that the Chicago University is not only free from denominational bias, but also from sociological partisanship; that a professor may even feel free to criticise Rockefeller, the alleged "founder." In the light of recent utterances of the president, this claim scarcely can be true; but it still remains true that where the "interdict brutal" does not obtain, the "interdict courteous" is all powerful. Professor Triggs and a few of his friends did not share with the present surprise in Chicago. It is no sudden shock to him; he must have felt it was coming. Indeed, it was hinted to him from the most authoritative sources that it was imminent some weeks before publicity came. Professor Triggs has visions of a better social order and has worked for it. Universities do not take to new things. Professor Triggs may find some consolation in remembering that Emerson was never fit to teach in Harvard College, though he longed for such an opportunity. For a generation his alma mater had a cold shoulder for him, and even John Fiske's career as lecturer in Harvard College was very brief, although during that brief appointment he gave to the world the lectures that constitute his "Cosmic Philosophy."

The educational world and the believers that ethics and business cannot be divorced may well watch with anxiety the result of the present contest in Nebraska. Can the State University accept Standard Oil money and still preserve its academic freedom unsmirched? President Harper, in his "Resume of the First Ten Years of the University of Chicago," suggests that "the trustees take immediate steps to secure a bronze or marble bust of John D. Rockefeller, founder of the university; that a permanent day be set forth as "Founder's Day," to be celebrated each year; that the university when assembled in convocation should always send a communication to the founder; that an effort be made by the trustees to secure a visit from the founder each year for the remainder of his life," and that *provision should be made for acquainting the students of the university not only with the relationship of Mr. Rockefeller to the university as founder, but also with the elements of his character which make him prominent among the men of modern times.* (The italics are ours.) Well does a writer in the *Boston Transcript,* after reading the "appalling story" of Rockefeller by Miss Tarbell from month to month in McClure's Magazine, say:

> If this history, which now for a year has been commanding the attention of the country, is true, such a program as that of President Harper, given in your columns, "to glorify Rockefeller," is a startling and ominous thing. Nothing surely could strike so fatally at the very roots of our moral life as that the young men of a great university, the young men being trained for leadership in our Church and State, should have monuments reared before them such as those here proposed, and be called to take part in these annual festivities in honor of the subject of Miss Tarbell's story. Is it not imperative that, with this large program for "glorifying Rockefeller" submitted to the country, this story should be shown to be false, if it is false, by those who in such case are certainly able to show it? If it is not discredited, if we are to accept it as true, then "glorification" such as that proposed, or silence about it, is certainly treason to every high interest of American education and commercial morality. If Miss Tarbell and McClure's Magazine have conspired to perpetuate a year's fiction upon the American public, in the guise of truth, they should be subjected to sharp exposure and condemnation. A public which at the same time credits these revelations and condones the "glorifying" of the subject of them accuses itself of gross unintelligence and worse.

Should any reader ask what all this has to do with the passing of Professor Triggs, we can only say that we do not know, but we are persuaded that it has something to do with it. The relationship may be somewhat like such as exists between a malarial atmosphere and the passing of ruddy cheeks and buoyant spirits. Be that as it may, we feel in honor bound to express not only our sympathy with Professor Triggs over this unfortunate interruption in a career that promised to be brilliant, but to express our admiration for the man. We have heard him often, and always with pleasure. He has been welcomed to the platforms and pulpits of Chicago, always as a virile representative of the academic spirit. He was an honor to the university because he was a man of opinions and because he had the courage to express them.

THE PULPIT.

Thomas Lincoln, the Father of a Great Man.

THE ANNUAL LINCOLN SERMON DELIVERED AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 14, 1904.

A year ago I tried to give Abraham Lincoln back into his mother's arms; to show that the rubbish of scandal, disrespect and neglect which have gathered around the name of the frail little mother who was laid away in the grave hollowed beneath the majestic sycamore in the wild woods of Indiana when little Abraham was but eight years old, is being brushed away, and that in the light of sympathetic criticism and careful investigation, the presumptions of science and the far-reaching testimony of history are vindicated in the story of Nancy Hanks. She is found to be a mother worthy a great man. Her story justifies the tearful tribute of her son: "God bless my mother! All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to her."

In the sermon of a year ago I promised, if life were spared, to make sermon uses of the story of Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter, which I believe has also been neglected and distorted by the biographers. I believe that when time brushes away the tissues of vulgarities and superficialities that still hang around the name of Thomas Lincoln, it will be found that here again the law of heredity is justified; that he was a not unworthy sire of a great son; that, like another carpenter, he has been robbed of his child. It is time that the child, Abraham, should be put back into his father's arms.

The common estimate of Thomas Lincoln is that he was ignorant, idle, shiftless, and unable or unwilling to provide for himself and his own. It is but fair to say that this estimate is largely justified by the superficial study of his biographers.

Lamon talks about his "vagrant career," dwells persistently on his illiteracy, and sneers at his shifting church relations. Herndon says he was "slow of movement, mentally and physically; careless, inert and dull." Stoddard sneers at his poor carpentry and his frequent

removals. The later biographers in the main assume as authoritative the dictum of the earlier writers, and they were doubtless justified by the scandal and superficial gossip that to a degree sprang from the political agitations which had gathered around the name of Abraham Lincoln before it had become of national interest. For it must be remembered that Lincoln had been in local politics many years before the startling nomination in the Chicago Wigwam made deliberate biography a necessity and started a long line of biographers who undertook to interpret Abraham Lincoln, with few qualifications for the task except an admiration for the man and a lively sense of the world's growing appreciation. Local party prejudices, with a predisposition to scandal, had been busy belittling and besmirching the antecedents of the genial country postmaster and the guileless country surveyor before the biographers began their work. We have not yet had time to grow beyond these baseless scandals.

Ward H. Lamon, in his unsavory, but now much sought-after volume, seems to have constructed his life of Lincoln on the theory that the lower, the coarser, the more unpromising and unpropitious the origin of his hero the more glory and honor would accrue to him. so that by theory, if not by nature, he was predisposed to scandal and cynicism. William H. Herndon, who published the next alleged authoritative life, which appeared in 1882, was too close to his subject to find the just perspective. He was so beset with the details in the foreground that the beauty and power of the background could scarcely break upon his vision. The personal equation was forever interfering with the biographer. The loquacious Herndon had, all through life, a patronizing attitude towards his partner, as though he thought subsequent history would revise the sign board over the Springfield law office, which read "Lincoln & Herndon," and make it read "Herndon & Lincoln."

From these two inadequate and uncritical chroniclers (they can scarcely be called historians), most of the subsequent biographers of Lincoln have drawn their material concerning the ancestry, birth and early manhood of Abraham Lincoln.

Nicolay and Hay, in their monumental work of ten volumes, did commendable work in pushing back the lineage of Abraham Lincoln and vindicating the dignity of his descent, but they had so much material of their own, their responsibility as conservators of the material relating to his presidential career was so great, that of necessity they had little time left for original investigation into the obscured, all- important beginnings of the great career.

As suggested a year ago, it remained for the sympathetic heart of woman to feel the pathos of this neglect and to a degree to penetrate the heart of the mystery.

Mrs. Hobart Vawter, a kinswoman, discovered the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the very existence of which was doubted by the scandal-loving Lamon. Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, of Cambridge, Mass., proved by documentary evidence the honorable descent and the legitimacy of birth of Nancy Hanks. What Mrs. Hitchcock did for the wife, Miss Ida Tarbell, to a degree, has been able to do for the luckless husband. With proofs laboriously gathered, she has tried to show that this waif of the wilderness, Thomas Lincoln, was a man of parts, worthy of admiration, a not unworthy father of the son whose powers were as unique, unsophisticated and unconventional as the source from which he sprang.

Thomas Lincoln is first discovered as a luckless lad seven years of age, in the clutches of a savage whose rifle is still smoking from the shot that laid low the pioneer father in the clearing. The little boy, who was playing by his father's side, was saved from the tomahawk or a worse fate by the well-aimed shot from the father's rifle, fired by the elder brother, Mordecai, through a chink of the log house. The oldest boy was but twelve years of age, but he laid the Indiana assassin low beside the murdered grandfather of the martyred president.

So far as Abraham Lincoln and his father, Thomas, knew, the family tree began here. Both probably went to their graves with the feeling that there was no possibility of tracing their origin beyond the Virginia home of this luckless grandfather, who fell near the present site of the city of Louisville.

John Locke Scripps, once editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, was Lincoln's first biographer. His Life became a campaign document and was distributed by the New York and Chicago *Tribunes* by the hundred thousand. It is a significant fact that less than a half dozen copies of this book are now known to be in existence. A limited edition of the book has recently been reproduced by Mr. Scripps' daughter, Mrs. Grace Locke Scripps Dyche, of Evanston, Ill. Though written in the hurry of a campaign and to meet a newspaper emergency, in the light of subsequent history it shows remarkable insight, as well as diligent research and scrupulous truthfulness on the part of the author. To Mr. Scripps, Lincoln said:

> It is a great piece of folly to attempt to make anything out of my early life. It is all condensed in the single sentence you will find in Gray's Elegy, "The short and simple annals of the poor." This is my life, and it is all you or anyone can make of it."

In the only bit of autobiography he probably ever wrote, and which he put into the hands of his lifelong friend, Jesse Fell, in 1859, Lincoln said:

> I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon Counties, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or '82, where a year or two later he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

But the story does not end here. Impressed with one of Lincoln's speeches when a member of Congress (1847-9), the Hon. Solomon Lincoln, of Hingham, Mass., wrote to him with a view of discovering some family relation. The result, so far as the Illinois Lincolns were concerned, is indicated in the quotation already given. But fortunately, the Massachusetts Lincolns were not so easily baffled, and the "simple annals of the poor" have been extended. Through the diligence of Francis H. Lincoln, of Boston, Samuel Shackford, of Chicago, and others, the genealogy of Abraham Lincoln has been made out. It was first published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, and it proves that, even in the most conventional interpretation, the law of heredity was not tricked in this case. If, as Lowell says, this man was cast in a new mold, the material to be molded was carefully fused in the seething caldron we call "history."

When, in 1856, Mr. Lincoln was first informed that 110 votes had been cast for "Lincoln" as Vice President by the convention that nominated John E. Fremont as President, he replied with a grim smile, "There is a big man down in Massachusetts by the name of Lincoln. I reckon they must mean him, not me." But he was kinsman to that "big man" of Massachusetts.

So my first presumptive argument in proof that Thomas Lincoln is a man deserving of respect and

worthy the reverence of the American people, is found in the fact that in his veins flowed the rich blood of a long and strong line of ancestors, reaching back to those who gave the name to a proud shire of England. Again we find his kinsmen under the shadow of the flying buttresses of Norwich Cathedral, overflowing the jail because they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the Bishop; we find them pelting the tax-collectors with stones, and finally, to rid themselves of the odious government, we see them sailing away with two shiploads of their friends from Yarmouth Bay, and in due time casting anchor off the New England coast and establishing the colony of Hingham. This was in 1636. The records show house-lots set off to Thomas Lincoln, the miller, Thomas Lincoln, the weaver, and Thomas Lincoln, the cooper. Later there came a Thomas Lincoln, the husbandman, and three years after the first platting came a lad of eighteen years, Samuel Lincoln, a brother to Thomas, the weaver, who took up his brother's trade. The fourth son of this Samuel was Mordecai Lincoln, who became a blacksmith and married the daughter of one Abraham Jones, of the neighboring town of Hull. In 1704 the prosperous blacksmith opened the first furnace in this country at Scituate, to smelt the iron ore that was picked up in the Hingham and Scituate marshes.

Among the six children of Mordecai, two boys, Mordecai II. and Abraham, carried the iron business into New Jersey. Mordecai II. pushed forward and opened a furnace in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and the records of 1725 tell of his selling "mynes, minerals and forges." Dying, he bequeathed his estate to his eldest son, John (the probate records put it "John Lincoln, gentleman"). In 1753 we find this John in Rockingham County, Virginia. His will mentions five sons, the eldest of whom, Abraham, after marrying Mary Shipley, of North Carolina, pushed over the mountains with his three sons, Mordecai, Josiah and Thomas, into Kentucky, at that time a part of Virginia. This Abraham went over the mountains a wealthy man, with horses, cattle and a land warrant for 1,700 acres of land, for which he paid 160 pounds of current money. The deeds and surveys of at least two different plots of 400 acres each, are on record in the field books of Daniel Boone, his friend, who became administrator of the state when Abraham fell by the Indian's bullet. Miss Tarbell has unearthed a court appraisement of his personal property containing thirty-five entries, including a "sorrel horse, a black horse, two red cows and one brindle cow, with calves, a dutch oven weighing fifteen pounds, plow and tackling, hoes, handsaws, augers, two rifles, feather beds, turkey feathers, steeking iron (whatever that may be), pot trammels, candle sticks, axes, etc."

Whatever our estimate of Thomas Lincoln may be, then, he is related by blood ties to the Lincolns who have won a name and a fame in the annals of America. The proud "Daughters of the Revolution," who are a little too prone to strut in their grandfathers' feathers, should at least be respectful and perhaps learn a lesson of humility from the Kentucky carpenter and the Illinois rail-splitter, who went through the world with bowed heads and humble hearts, unconscious of the noble heritage that was theirs.

Mordecai Lincoln helped build the Hingham meeting house, which has been at once a beacon to the mariner at sea and a guide to the thinker on land for many generations; a church that has belonged to the household of Channing, Emerson, and Theodore Parker. On the completion of this church the records say: "The elders assigned an honorable seat in the front gallery to Mordecai Lincoln." This same Mordecai, in his will, left ten pounds to help a grandchild through Harvard College. One of the descendants of the original Samuel was a member of the Boston Tea Party and a captain of artillery in the war of the Revolution, and three more served on the brig Hazard during the Revolution. Levi Lincoln was a graduate of Harvard, a minute man at Cambridge, a member of the Continental Congress, attorney general of the United States under Jefferson, Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, and was named by President Madison as associate justice of the United States supreme court. His son, Levi, became Governor of the state of Massachusetts and was made LL. D. by both Williams and Harvard Colleges. An Enoch Lincoln in this line became Governor of Maine. Mordecai, the iron worker, became proprietor of saw mills and grist mills unnumbered.

I hasten to confess the weakness of this presumptive argument. I know there are many degenerate sons of noble parentage, and it is well to remember that it is a trick of the genealogists to escape from the genealogies. It seems a very straight and simple line for the Lincolns from Samuel, the English weaver lad, down through Mordecai I., Mordecai II., John, Abraham, Thomas, to Abraham the Great. But by a necessity of biology, traveling back from Thomas to Samuel, we find that Samuel, the English immigrant, must share with sixty-four others parental responsibilities for the Kentucky Thomas, sixth in line of descent. In other words, Abraham Lincoln had one hundred and twenty-eight forebears on the father's side and as many on the mother's side, or two hundred and fifty-six in all, each one of whom was as liable to transmit a dominant trait as the other. Who can trace this light shuttle of heredity as it flies back and forth and carries the numberless threads of the woof through the web of destiny? The only difference between the titled man and the common man, or, to use Lincoln's phrase, between the "first and second families of Virginia," is that the first class have forgotten their plebeian ancestry and the second class have forgotten their titled ancestry. Our duke has ignored the peasant and slave element that unquestionably hides in his family tree, and the lackey of the duke, who blacks his boots, has forgotten his lordly ancestry that have clandestinely contributed their drop of blood to his existence. And in forgetting this lordly ancestry he perhaps has forgotten the least important part.

The "second-class" families to which Lincoln affiliated nimself, are perhaps "second class" only in the arbitrary records of man and the stupid conceits of classes, made so by the arrogant and oftentimes imbecile conceits of the self-appointed aristocrats.

A second presumptive evidence that Thomas Lincoln deserves the gratitude and reverence too long withheld, lies in the fact that he won the love and did not betray the confidence of two noble women, both of them qualified by inheritance and attainments for the leadership that was gladly accorded them in the simple society in which they moved.

Of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the mother, who taught both husband and son not only to read, but to revere the Bible, I spoke a year ago, as I have already said. Of Sarah Bush Lincoln, the well-to-do widow, who brought into the desolate home in the backwoods her four-horse load of household furnishings through one hundred and fifty miles of wilderness, with her own three half-grown children to companion the three lonely orphaned children who were awaiting her arrival in such pathetic loneliness, little Abraham, his sister, Sarah, and the luckless cousin, Dennis Hanks, I cannot now speak. She deserves a sermon study all by herself. Let her always stand as the ideal step-mother, the woman who entered most deeply and sustained with most unfaltering skill and loyalty the love and sympathy of the genius-laden lad and the care-burdened President.

I beg to suggest without argument that the man who won and held the love and companionship of Nancy Hanks and Sarah Bush Johnston must have had something in him worth while. However commonplace his demeanor and unattractive his surroundings, presumably there was a core of being in him that was loving and lovable. But I must not claim too much for this argument, for the heart of woman is past finding out, and oftentimes to human eyes she gilds with the gold of her affection unresponsive and undeserving vessels of clay.

I venture to present a third presumptive argument in behalf of Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter. There is a dignity that belongs to him, a reverence due him, by virtue of his triumphant paternity. Is the law of biology to obtain only in the barnyard? Is fatherhood a matter of all significance on the race course and in the dairy, but of no significance by the human fireside?

I rejoice in the cumulative evidence of the far-reaching significance of maternity. Both the ante and postnatal contribution of the mother are immeasurable. There is cumulative authority for the dictum that every great man must have had a great mother. I yield to no one in my respect for motherhood, but I resent the flippancy of shallow biographers, the social conceit and popular indifference to the equally far-reaching power of paternity. Fatherhood is as commanding a factor, to say the least, in the generation of men as in the generation of horses and dogs. Let us teach our children to revere the men in whose arms Abraham Lincoln nestled, whom his infant lips learned to call "father," and whom the great President loved and in the fullness of time cared for as a tender son should for an aging father.

But, fortunately, Thomas Lincoln's right to our respect does not rest alone on these presumptive arguments. Any intelligent appreciation of the facts adduced by the most skeptical of his biographers proves a man of worth, worthy of such sonship. Illiterate? Certainly; how could it be otherwise with a homeless waif in a schoolless wilderness? Untrained and uneducated? Certainly not; unless all our theories concerning the "new education" and the "true pedagogy" fall to the ground. To think of Thomas Lincoln as commonplace, unsuccessful, inefficient, uninteresting, is to pass humiliating criticism upon ourselves. We but disclose our own blindness, our inability to discriminate between the chaff and the grain. Let us read the books sympathetically and with a constructive imagination, and I think they make us wish we had known him. We too, like his simple neighbors, would have enjoyed him, rejoiced in him, and when need be, have defended him.

Says the gossipy Lamon:

> He was sinewy and brave, and his habitually peaceful disposition once fairly overborne, was a tremendous man in a rough and tumble fight. He thrashed the monstrous bully of Breckinridge County in three minutes and came off without a scratch. He had an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes which he told cleverly and well. He loved to sit about in stores or under shade trees and spin yarns, a propensity which atoned for many sins and made him extremely popular.

And the over-confident Herndon:

> He was, we are told, five feet ten inches high, weighed 195 pounds, had a well-rounded face, dark hazel eyes, coarse black hair, and was slightly stoop-shouldered. His build was so compact that Dennis Hanks used to say he could not find the point of separation between his ribs. He was proverbially slow of movement, mentally and physically; was careless, inert and dull; was sinewy, and gifted with a great strength; was inoffensively quiet and peaceable, but when roused to resistance a dangerous antagonist. He had a liking for jokes and stories, which was one of the few traits he transmitted to his illustrious son; was fond of the chase, and had no marked aversion for the bottle, though in the latter case he indulged no more freely than the average Kentuckian of his day.

Says Stoddard:

> He seemed destitute of enterprise, contented to go through life an easy going, kindly, jovial man, with little or no idea of rising in the world.

Hapgood, in his earlier chapters, after emphasizing his laziness and his illiteracy, says:

> He had social qualities, among them the ability to tell stories and to make himself respected in a fight when his pacific soul was stirred.

And the industrious brother-in-law, John Hanks, the hero of the walnut rails, says:

> A diet of corn bread and milk was all he asked. Happiness was the end of life with him.

While Miss Tarbell, the only biographer after Nicolay and Hay who seems to have taken much pains to make original investigation as to the beginnings of the life of Abraham Lincoln, after the uncritical attempts of Lamon and Herndon, says:

> This lad, cut adrift at ten years of age, was compelled to become a wandering laboring boy before he had ever learned to read. * * * For several years he supported himself by rough farm work of all kinds, learning in the meantime the trade of carpenter and cabinet maker. According to one of his acquaintances, "Tom had the best set of tools in what was then and now Washington County, and was a good carpenter for those days, when a cabin was built mainly with the ax, and not a nail or bolt or hinge in it, only leathers and pins to the door, and no glass." * * * But if Thomas Lincoln plied his trade spasmodically, he shared the pioneer's love for land, for when but twenty-five years old and still without the responsibility of a family he bought a farm in Hardin County, Kentucky. This fact is of importance, proving as it does that Thomas Lincoln was not the altogether shiftless man he has been painted. Certainly he must have been above the grade of the ordinary country boy to have had the energy and ambition to learn a trade and secure a farm through his own efforts by the time he was twenty-five. He was illiterate, never doing more in the way of writing than to bunglingly write his own name; nevertheless, he had the reputation in the country of being good natured and obliging and possessing what his neighbors called "good horse sense." Although he was a "very quiet sort of man," he was known to be determined in his opinions and quite competent to defend his rights by force if they were too flagrantly violated. He was a moral man, and, in the crude way of the pioneer, religious.

It is easy, perhaps inevitable, to ascribe the adjectives "inefficient," "unsuccessful" and "ignorant" to a life so far removed in privileges and duties as was that of one environed by the meager surroundings of the pioneer in the beginning of the eighteenth century from the life of one who lives amid the confusing privileges of the beginning of the twentieth century. But let the college graduate, the inheritor of ample, aye, confusing privileges, put the story of this life over against his own, test his own resources and competencies by the story of this seven-year-old boy, snatched from the hand of an Indiana assassin, doomed to shift for himself from that time on in the wilds of Kentucky; who mastered a trade, wooed and won the niece of his employer, at twenty-eight was able to give bonds for the fifty pounds necessary to secure a marriage license, was married in style, had a "fanfare" after the wedding and moved on land of his own, into a cabin built by himself. During the eight years of his married life in Kentucky he moved three times, each time for the better; at the end of this time, he sold his belongings for three hundred dollars, the larger part of which was paid in the current coin of the backwoods, honest corn whiskey. After this he built his own flat boat out of forest trees, loaded thereon his tools, farm outfit, and his forty barrels of whiskey to be peddled out on the way, sailed down the Rolling Fork into Salt River, out into the Ohio, down the Ohio perhaps fifty or sixty miles, when, his boat being upset, "with great skill and care" (so runs the record) he righted his craft, saved most of his cargo, landed and deposited it in the house of Colonel Posey, who gave his name to the famous county which constitutes the "pocket" of Indiana, and then struck inland through the heavy woods and located his homestead sixteen miles from the river; then back again, afoot, to his

Kentucky home, bringing his wife and two children through one hundred and fifty miles of unbroken wilderness; he had two horses but no wagon. By night they camped out under the stars; by day they followed the Indian trails and the blazed trees of the few pioneers who had gone before. At Colonel Posey's he hired a wagon, loaded his stored goods and pushed on. Says one biographer, "There was no road to that Indiana settlement until Thomas Lincoln arrived; when he came there was a road, and he had made it, through sixteen miles of forest."

This was late in the autumn of 1816, the year in which Indiana became a state. There were but eight settlers between the forks of Pigeon Creek. Then it was that Thomas Lincoln put an ax into the hands of the seven-year-old Abraham, his only helper. There was only time for the construction of a winter camp, the open-faced log cabin of which so much has been said; but the pioneer and the hunter know how with the skins of wild animals and plenty of wood it is possible to live with a degree of comfort in such a shelter. By spring time there was a patch of ground cleared for corn and garden stuff and the logs were out for the cabin, and Dennis Hanks said "Tom Lincoln had fairly honey-combed his land in search of a good well of water."

This encampment was three years ahead of a public road, six years ahead of a postoffice, twelve miles from a mill, and that would grind only twelve bushels a day, thirty miles away from a doctor, one hundred and fifty miles away from a minister. Fifty years afterward there were but three hundred inhabitants in Gentryville.

A little more than a year, and the terrible "milk sickness," the cholera of the backwoods, had smitten the wife and the more thrifty brother and sister-in-law, the Sparrows, who had moved into Thomas Lincoln's vacated camp; and Thomas Lincoln with his own hand felled the trees which with his whip-saw he converted into boards, and out of these he made the coffins to bury the three. He was now left with the three little orphan children in his half-finished cabin, his own two and their luckless cousin, Dennis Hanks. A year later the three little children, the eldest of whom was only eleven, were left alone, and the long journey was made once more to the old Kentucky home. In due time he returned with the new mother with three half-grown children of her own, making a family of eight to provide for.

Then came the rustic church with which he affiliated, and the public school house which he had helped establish. At the end of eleven years he had eighty acres of land to transfer to Gentry, the country storekeeper, and the emigration from the woods to the prairie was begun, Thomas Lincoln being the patriarch of a group of thirteen, with a four-ox team and an "ironed wagon," the first in the neighborhood.

In Illinois there were other log houses to rear, and farms to break and fence. During the forty-five years of Thomas Lincoln's married life he lived, as I count, in eight different houses, six or more of which he himself constructed in whole or in part. The Free Will Baptist Church in Kentucky boasted and may still boast of a walnut communion table made by Thomas Lincoln. In Herndon's life there is a cut of a brick-mold and of a cabinet and secretary made by Thomas Lincoln, assisted by his son, Abraham. And Brooks, in his Life, records that in the widower's lonely cabin in the Indiana woods the father "knew better than Sarah, the eleven-year-old housekeeper, how to mix the ash cake of corn meal," and with this and the milk from the cow and an occasional slab of "side meat," or smoked side of pork, the family was never long hungry. And he might have added that there was always the fruit of the rifle to enrich and diversify the bill of fare—deer, squirrel and winged game.

Abraham Lincoln's own testimony given to Leonard Swett was as follows:

It was a pretty pinching time at first in Indiana, getting the cabin built and the clearing for the crops, but presently we got reasonably comfortable. My father insisted that none of his children should suffer from want of education as he had done, but his idea of an education was to learn to cipher clear through an old arithmetic that was in the house.

Leonard Swett, who, had his life been spared long enough to carry out a cherished purpose, might have given us more of the heart of Abraham Lincoln than has ever yet been put into biography, commenting on these reminiscences of the "Sad Humorist of the Sangamon," said:

Mr. Lincoln told this story as the story of a happy childhood. There was nothing sad or pinched, and nothing of want, and no allusion to want in any part of it. His own description of his youth was that of a happy, joyous boyhood. It was told with mirth and glee, and illustrated by pointed anecdotes, often interrupted by his jocund laugh.

Dr. Graham, "than whom," Miss Tarbell says, "there is no better authority of the life of that day," knew Thomas Lincoln well in Kentucky, and he says:

It is all stuff about Tom Lincoln keeping his wife in an open shed in the winter. The Lincolns had a cow and a calf, milk and butter, a good feather bed, for I have slept on it; they had a home-woven "kiverlid," big and little pots, a loom and wheel. Tom Lincoln was a man and took care of his wife.

Miss Tarbell reproduced for her book, in fac-simile, this official document:

Monday, 18th May, 1816.—Ordered, that Thomas Lincoln be and he is hereby appointed surveyor of that part of the road running from Nolan to Beardstown, which lies between the Big Hill and the Rolling Fork, etc.

Upon which Miss Tarbell says:

This proves that he was considered fit to oversee a body of men at a task of considerable value to the community. Indeed, all of the documents mentioning Thomas Lincoln, which have been discovered, show him to have had a much better position in Hardin County than he has been credited with.

Most of the biographers, following Lamon and Herndon, discount Thomas Lincoln's interest in the slavery question, but Dr. Graham gives strong presumptive evidence that Abraham Lincoln was right in ascribing this as one of the several causes that induced the migration from the Kentucky home. He said, as quoted by Miss Tarbell:

Rev. Jesse Head, the minister who married Tom Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, talked boldly against slavery, and Tom and Nancy Lincoln and Sallie Bush were just steeped full of Jesse Head's notions about the wrong of slavery and the rights of man, as explained by Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine.

It would seem that this record ought to commend "Tom" Lincoln on his own account. It would seem that the accomplishments of this woodsman, carpenter, river-man, tested by those of us, his critics, along the line of our ability to earn our own living, might at this distance induce us to write it "Thomas" Lincoln quite independent of the presumptive credentials to respect already enumerated.

And still the crowning charge against Thomas Lincoln remains, the one reproach which the "spirit of the age" is loath to forgive and still less to forget: He was unprosperous—he never accumulated property. Undoubtedly, according to the standards of today, this charge is proved. And certainly this is not so unique a sin as to justify special condemnation or perpetual disrespect. Indeed, the same charges may well be made against his great son. Hapgood says of Abraham Lincoln in the Indiana days:

Abraham, although a strong and effective workman, had no exorbitant love of the ax for its own sake. He enjoyed mounting the stump to make a speech, for which he soon earned local fame, or repeating on Monday the sermon of the Sabbath, or reading texts and delivering discourses to the younger children in the cabin when his parents went alone to hear a preacher.

And he further quotes John Romine, the Gentryville storekeeper, as saying:

Abe was awful lazy. He worked for me; was always reading and thinking; used to get mad at him. He worked for me in 1820, pulling fodder. I say Abe was awful lazy; he would laugh and talk and crack jokes all the time; didn't love work, but did dearly love his pay. * * * Lincoln said to me one day that his father taught him to work, but never learned him to love it.

Thomas Lincoln was fool enough to sign a note for a neighbor, which compelled him to take Abraham out of school in order to help earn money enough to pay it up. So was his son foolish enough to carry for years on his shoulders the debt laid upon him by a less scrupulous partner, which debt was finally liquidated out of his congressional salary. Abraham Lincoln when a surveyor dismounted from the horse he was riding that a poor immigrant might reach the land office in time to enter a desirable quarter-section before a non-resident speculator could get there. But the surveyor never entered a desirable section in his own name in the neighborhood of water power or of a prospective town, which is considered one of the perquisites of a government surveyor; and when he relinquished the office he owed ten dollars on his horse.

The truth is that both father and son lived at a time when money-making was not the chief end of life; indeed, when wealth, as now considered, was impossible because there were not neighbors enough out of whom to make it. In the last analysis, wealth is not made in any great quantities in this world except out of human brain and muscle. Wealth is compressed sweat, it is coined labor, and it is not always the best man who can work human brain and muscle to the best advantage. When Thomas Lincoln moved to Illinois there were less than 150,000 inhabitants in the state, and corn was sold at ten cents a bushel, when sold at all; and every bushel of it had to be raised "by hand" in those days.

Another sin charged to Thomas Lincoln, almost as grievous as his impecuniosity, lies in the serenity of his temper, his pioneer contentedness, the geniality of his disposition. To this nervous, restless age he was provokingly good natured. "Free Will Baptist in Kentucky, Presbyterian in Indiana, Campbellite in Illinois," so runs the record, and it is told as if we were expected to laugh at it. May it not be that Thomas Lincoln lived the liberality which is now so much exploited but still suspected and promptly resented when anyone undertakes to put it into practice? May it not be that the deep solitudes of the frontier awakened profounder reverences in this untutored soul that was able to adapt itself to the privileges at hand, than the distracting opportunities of the city awaken in the cultured cynic who smiles at this simple adjustment, while he himself stays outside of and indifferent to all social expression of the religious life? I am not sure but there is more depth in the soul that can belong to three denominations, as circumstances necessitate, than there is in the one that never feels the need of allying itself to any religious organization whatsoever.

To the third crime, that of illiteracy, Thomas Lincoln and his friends humbly plead guilty. But illiteracy is not necessarily ignorance, unless all this talk of "technical education" and "manual training" is groundless. And let it not be forgotten that Thomas Lincoln did learn to sign his name, and, as Herndon says, to "spell his way through the Bible" under the tuition of his wife, a post-nuptial enlargement that shames the growth of many a married man of more pretension. When we are prepared to demonstrate that the "successful" man perpetuates himself in succeeding generations, and that the power of making money is an indispensable element in character, then and not till then will it be time to dismiss the humble carpenter, to whom belongs the unique honor of having made his own way from the time he was seven years old; who could make a table; who did build a boat; who navigated the Ohio and Mississippi to its mouth; who built with his own hands six or more houses in which he lived; who commanded the respect of his neighbors; who had a host of friends; who did not betray the love of noble women, and was the father of the greatest American.

But, you say, nothing has been or can be said of Thomas Lincoln that may not be said of hundreds and thousands of other pioneers who settled the Middle West. Just so. In pleading for a more just estimate of Thomas Lincoln, I do but plead for a higher appreciation of that stalwart race who pre-empted the Mississippi Valley to civilization, who planted the seed that has since grown school houses, court houses and churches innumerable. They were men not only of great hearts but of great heads; aye, women too, with laughing eyes, willing hands and humble spirits.

One of the biographers of Abraham Lincoln talks flippantly of the "ruffian of the frontier" as always "belonging to a chivalry that never stopped at any unfairness or brutality;" of the "rough fellow whose fighting was common pastime;" and such, they say, were "typical of the class to which Thomas Lincoln belonged." This paragraph was penned by a graduate of Harvard College, whose name is a familiar one in American letters, but he wrote of what he knew not; perhaps he wrote of what he could not know. Only he who knows what it means to hew a home out of the forest; of what is involved in the task of replacing mighty trees with corn and beans; only he who has watched the log house rising in the clearing and has witnessed the devoutness that gathers around the old log school house and the pathos of a grave in the wilderness can understand how sobriety, decency, aye, devoutness, beauty and power belong to the story of those who began the mighty task of changing the wild West into the heart of a teeming continent.

Abraham Lincoln was twenty-one years old when he first saw a printing press. It was at the Indiana village of Vincennes on his way to Illinois, and Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter-father, was with him on that march.

My contention is that to accomplish all that was accomplished by Thomas Lincoln and his humble, unrecorded associates, represents a culture of spirit that is not only deserving of respect in itself, but is a productive culture, a fertile training that has produced a surprising progeny. Great men are born out of just such hidden lives, and they are developed in just such brooding obscurity. They draw their strength out of the depths of the unconscious life which, when disturbed by the clamor of privileges and the glamor of social functions, the city distractions and the globe-trotting dissipations of the wealthy, is rendered impossible. The birth of the statesman, like the birth of the poet, is beyond the observation of men or the dictation of the schools.

> "Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare;
> Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage
> Vainly both expend—few flowers awaken there:
> Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age
> Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage."

The story of Abraham Lincoln, the statesman and the emancipator, is safe. Economists, scientists, philosophers and poets will beat that fact out clear. But Abraham Lincoln, the backwoodsman, and his pioneer forebears who built the log school houses, who dwelt in the clearings and who led the ox-teams across the wind-swept prairies, are in danger of becoming more and more obscured, less and less understood, unless some John Fiske, gifted with historical insight, with the courage born out of a discriminating mind and a constructive imagination, comes, before it is too late, to seize the central facts and emphasize them in such a way as to show that the law of history is vindicated in the life of Abraham Lincoln; that the fundamental laws of biology were not suspended in his birth and develop-

ment. He was no wonder-child miraculously projected into a dark world with inadequate parentage.

Such an one will take up the task so nobly begun by Miss Ida Tarbell, and will give back the gifted child into the arms of his father as well as of his mother; will show that Thomas Lincoln, like another carpenter, has been too long denied the honor that becomes such fatherhood as was his.

But Thomas Lincoln can wait; his story will find growing appreciation, and the American youths will learn to revere as American shrines the spots where lie the ashes of the father and mother as well as the proud mausoleum where rests the mortal dust of their immortal son.

When Abraham Lincoln was invited to visit his native county in Kentucky soon after his nomination in 1860, he replied, "I would be mobbed if I returned." In all that county he received but six votes at the presidential election that followed. Last week there was introduced into the Kentucky legislature a bill to purchase the old Lincoln farm and to dedicate it forever as a public park. The indications are that the bill will become a law.

Abraham Lincoln has already become the common property of America, and they offer an indignity to his memory, an affront not only to the American people, but to intelligent humanity everywhere, who desecrate the anniversary that has already become a public holiday with partisan cries and politicians' schemings. Let us hope the affront offered last week in the name of Lincoln, by partisan rallies in Chicago and elsewhere, will never again be repeated on the high anniversary that should be as sacred as Washington's from partisan claims and clamor.

Lincoln's liberation from class prejudices, sectional narrowness and partisan politics has come, and the day when the name of Thomas Lincoln, the carpenter, will be spoken with respect as a not unworthy father of a great son, will surely come.

The Impossibilty of Unionism.

Though an employer on a fairly large scale, I have for thirty years been an advocate of unionism—as a war measure, on the defensive. Capital organized was powerful, arbitrary and severely selfish from necessity or choice. That workmen must organize seemed a necessity; that they would be arbitrary and selfish when they got the power seemed likely. They are of the same mould as the employer. They have now gained the power and they are using it with a freedom and effect to make Carnegie or Czar Nicholas green with envy. Between the two arbitrary powers—organized capital and organized labor—occupying the same field, the non-combatants and the fighters are getting badly hurt. A year ago anthracite coal was cut off and twenty millions of folk were shivering, machinery that employed a hundred thousand men or more was stopped. Last year Sam Parks (present address Sing Sing, N. Y.) closed down the building industry in New York one hundred million dollars' worth, an average year's work of 200,000 men. Building strikes alone in this our free country stopped the work and earnings of at least a million men, converting a most promising year into one of depression and gloom.

A strike goes back to the source of supplies—to the mine and the woods and the field. The architect's plan for a building or the engineer's for a railroad calls for the felling of trees, the digging of ore, and all the labor that lies between the land and the finished edifice. If no finished edifice, then no labor, no wages, no bread—to that extent. If all strike, then we starve and die.

Strikes are sympathetic in more ways than one. The strike of one trade calls out a dozen without any walking delegate's whistle. The one hoisting engineer, or the hod carriers, or the riveters, can stop all work on a building and the work on the material for it along the line back to the land. It can and it does.

Let it be understood that a walking delegate is not supreme either in theory or practice. Like any other business manager, he acts by authority and instructions. But in the nature of the case, as with all managers, it is he who is familiar with the conditions, on him the union must rely for information and advice, to him they must delegate power to act. In common with other managers and agents, he frequently becomes a one-man power—a boss. On these bosses, singly and jointly, hang the industries of the country and work and bread—its finances and to a certain extent its politics. This is not the exceptional but the logical and usual outcome of unionism in the saddle, and it must be either in the saddle or afoot, in control or out.

Confessedly, it requires control as much to get and hold its members as to command terms from employers. Men do not choose, so they say, to assume the obligations and expenses of unionism unless compelled to do so. If they can work in any shop without a union card, the mere loyalty to their craft, the promise of betterment, the "good of all," are not reasons enough for the majority. But with the closed shop, the "scab" odium, the boycott, a man must join or perish, and he must strike when ordered to.

The highest union authorities say you may run non-union (scab) shops, if you can, but open shops, never. The reason is clear. The non-union shop can be fought by all the weight of the picket, the sympathetic strike and the boycott; the open shop must be content with persuasion.

There is an irrepressible conflict between employers and workers. There is an inevitable contest for supremacy; sovereignty is the issue.

Whatever may be said of the tyranny of the employers, there yet remains the workingman's freedom to take other employment. In ordinary times he is wanted by more than one. The employer has neither mortgage on him nor any claim whatever. He quits when dissatisfied. He can have no other and better claim to his job than the employer has to his services.

Union supremacy is impossible for the same reasons that arbitrary authority—despotism—is impossible in church, or state, or society. It will seldom be wise or just, it can never be trusted; tyrants will wield it more often than benefactors. Experience has verified that which theory would suggest, that union control carries with it destructive interference with business management. The more serious phases are limitation of work, explicit or by influence; restricting apprentices so that in many trades there are not now enough workmen, and keeping the new generation out of legitimate vocations; sympathetic strikes and boycotts without hearings or judgments; defying private rights and public authority; subjecting shop management to the supervision of union stewards and foremen; all of these and more, enforced by the standing threat of strike and boycott.

There are grave defects in the wage system, there is irresponsible power in the capital aggregation. These need remedying, but they cannot be remedied by unionism—the remedy is altogether worse than the disease.

W. E. Symmes.

The truth which another man has won from nature or from life is not our truth until we have lived it. Only that becomes real or helpful to any man which has cost the sweat of his brain, or the anguish of his soul. He who would be wise must daily earn his wisdom.—*David Starr Jordan.*

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Search for Light.

I know so little of my life;
I'm like a seed down in the ground;
Yet nature wakens me to strife—
Until the flower of hope is found!

A sweet compulsion comes to me,
As sunshine in my heart is poured,
Then summer light around I see,
I am to paradise restored!

And there awhile in loveliness,
I grow in beauty and in bliss,
But autumn comes and dark distress,
And every joy has end like this.

It seems as if our life were dust,
Our thought a dream that dies in sleep,
Yet all the while we seek the just,
And pray for it with passion deep.

And as the winter turns to spring,
And as the morning follows night,
To love's pure faith of love I cling,
The while I search for light, more light!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—All Souls Church of this place has fallen into the admirable practice of celebrating its annual meeting with a banquet. The one recently held was attended by over one hundred and fifty people. Supper was served by a caterer, "so that the women could participate." Reports of the various officers and organizations were submitted, and there were toasts to "The Model Minister," "The Model Church," "All Souls Church in Retrospect and in Prospect." Of course, at such a time there is great tempetation to drop into poetry, even though "it comes higher," as Silas Webb would say. Witness this single stanza from one hundred and twenty lines, some better and some worse, to "The Model Church:"

"The pastor of this model flock
Will serve in that capacity,
And not as janitor and cook,
(He will have more sagacity!)
Sign-painter, editor, errand-boy,
Show-manager, entertainer,
Santa Claus, and a sly decoy,
To 'interest' each stranger.
He will not be expected,
In addition to all this,
To grind out two 'model sermons'
As the ultimate of bliss—
At the same time, calling weekly,
Not only on the sick,
The old, the poor, the indigent,
(And learning well the trick
Of harping on each one's pet theme)
But also making calls
Upon parishioners 400
No matter what befalls."

BUDA, ILL.—Many of our readers have tender associations with the Covell home in Buda that was once such a benignant center of life, refining influence and religious potency. Such will be pained to learn of the death of Harry Childs, the last of many wards beloved and cherished by the elder Covell. Harry had spent the most of his life with his grandmother, Mrs. Ford, who was the home-keeper for Brother Covell in his declining days. Harry was a bright lad in the thirteenth year of his age, and his sudden death was a shock to many friends. The Rev. Seward H. Baker, of Geneseo, at the funeral service said:

In the short space of three years four have gone the way of all the earth from that beautiful home. First it was "Aunt Hat"; then "Joel"; then dear "Uncle Chester," whom so many had come to know as "Father Covell," with all that dear term can imply; now it is "Harry," the bright, energetic, prepossessing boy. Naturally of an inquiring mind he had gained an insight into many things quite beyond that of the average of boys of his age. I remember him as an eager listener to many of the discourses which I gave in the church, and oftentimes he questioned me relative to important points in them which had been impressed on his mind. In the Sunday-school he displayed an interest that was active and keen, always quite ready with an answer to any question that was asked pertaining to the topic under consideration. But now he has suddenly left us.

* * *

But this short life has not been without purpose. He has filled a mother's heart with joy. He has been a helper and companion to the grandmother, the sole member now of that lovely household. He will live as a memory in your minds, his dear schoolmates. Yea, his sudden departure and this sad occasion, when you look upon his mortal face for the last time, will leave an impression for good that time will never efface.

Correspondence.

A one time Hull House resident, Miss Bartlett, wandered into the camp yesterday, and in an hour her tent was sumptuously furnished, her trunk and grip hauled over, and she was duly installed as an independent resident of the Desert. It seemed like a breeze off Lake Michigan—June, not January—and a reminder of that other sort of desert skirted by South Halsted street. Her tent is 12 by 14 feet, floored, has a cinder roadway in front, and looks out upon a plaza on which a new growth of barley and Bermuda grass is fairly started—the first civilized growth it ever had. Beyond the green is a row of tents on the oval plaza, then some more green, a double row of large trees attached to the station, and back of that about six miles begin the mountains, rising tier by tier to a height of 6,000 feet and a peak 11,000 feet. To her right beyond the curving row of tents is the cultivated ranch sowed in alfalfa and to be planted through the next three weeks in canteloupes, sweet potatoes, grapes and camp vegetables—seventy-five acres. To the rear another range of mountains and to the left far off mountains and the rising sun. She has eighteen tents for neighbors on this plaza and some others a little distance away. The tents are occupied some by one, some by two, some by families of three or four. All have one or two consumptives in them, except one asthmatic and Miss Bartlett, whose ailment is an excess of civilization.

Some of these residents have their own tents and furnishings and keep house, and to them there is no rent or charge of any kind. They live well on from $2.00 to $3.00 a week, our provisions coming at wholesale and our own milk at half price. Some pay $1.00 a week for a furnished tent and board themselves or eat at our mess tent at cost of raw material, and a number pay nothing because they have nothing. They are entirely welcome. Some pay their way by working about the camp; some are able to work on the ranch and are paid according to their work.

The camp was born of necessity—the necessity of doing something for the thousands who come with the white spectre, consumption, upon them, to the orange and green of California on the supposition that it basks in perpetual sunshine, only to find that its winter fogs and rains are as chilly and deadly as those of Lake Michigan or Boston Harbor. The majority come as a last resort when their resources have been largely exhausted. They cannot afford sanitariums at $15.00 a week and upward and extras and medical attendance. They are refused entrance at most hotels and boarding houses; they are even barred from renting rooms or houses. Dreadful and pathetic beyond description, they drift into public hospitals and die.

East of the mountains in the desert is no fog nor snow nor rain. The days are practically all clear, sunny and warm enough for shirtwaists and shirtsleeves. I believe I have not worn a coat a whole day last winter or this. Dry, fresh air is as deadly to tuberculi as it is to vegetation. We are twenty feet below sea level, which gives a high proportion of oxygen in the limited amount of air that half-closed lungs can take in. This long desert valley was cut off from the Gulf of California by the drifting sands at no very remote time. Sea shells abound and the coloring of the sea waves are yet clear on the rocks at the base of the mountains. Even the line of the receding beaches is clearly marked. Boulders and gravel from dis-

are slowly hardening into pudding rock. Van Dyke has written a fascinating book about this desert, and Remington has been much at Indio to paint the brown mountains.

Water for domestic use and irrigation is obtained by boring from 150 to 900 feet. In some places it flows. On my place I pump with large engine and compressed air from six wells yielding somewhat above 1,000,000 gallons daily. The water is pure and does its share in improving the health of sick or well.

Thus we have the open air, dry air, abundant oxygen, good water, proper diet, exercise, cheap living, work at hand, an opening for permanent homes and an open door for the stranded. N. O. NELSON.

Health Camp, Indio, Cal., Feb. 15, 1904.

DEAR UNITY:

Since my postal card expressing my perplexity that no newspaper had brought to notice the appalling holocausts mentioned the most calamitous one on record being the cathedral fire of Santiago, Chili, in which 2,000 women and children perished in December, 1863, I spoke to other press men about it, and my confusion became worse confounded when they too recalled nothing of the kind. I had prided myself hitherto that not the smallest details even if any Napoleonische Knall-Effekte—social, elemental or personal—had ever escaped my memory since my apprenticeship, and now was beginning to fear my memory was playing me an ugly trick or putting me on the wrong track. Just after learning of the latest fire horror at Baltimore it occurred to me to look up Santiago in an old Zell cyclopedia, presented to me in 1870-'71, the years of maximum social and elemental classes, by my father, a pioneer hotel manager and promoter of theatrical and musical affairs of Beerburg. To my great relief I found my memory had not deceived me and read this account of the horrible catastrophe:

"The river Mapacha divides the city into two parts. * * * The Plaza or great square, is adorned with a magnificent fountain, * * * the Mint, the old palace, * * * and the Cathedral. Most of the dwellings are only one story high, * * * owing to the frequent occurrence of earthquakes. * * * Has become one of the most important cities of South America. A fire broke out in the Jesuit Church of La Campania during the celebration of * * * the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1863. The interior being of wood, the flames spread with great rapidity; and as there was but one door for egress, upward of 2,000 victims, mostly women and children, perished. Pop. 90,000."

The press accounts stated that the drapery became ignited, and despite the efforts of the priests the flames spread to the combustible hangings overhead and in an instant a shower of blazing brands rained down on the panic stricken multitude, most of the men escaping by climbing over the heaps of fallen women and children. A bit of hose or common garden pump, as in the Iroquois theater, would have quickly quenched the blaze. G. A. WETTSTEIN.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH.—Within the past month Ryder Memorial Church has suffered a grievous loss in the death of two of its most prominent workers, Mr. Lyman A. White and Mrs. Iva Laughlin. Mrs. Laughlin had been a member since the death of her husband six years ago, and Mrs. White had been associated with the church from its organization, had served it as trustee and treasurer and spared neither time, means or strength to forward its interests. Mrs. Laughlin died in Cuba, N. Y., but was buried in Libertyville, Ill., funeral services being held in the special car which left Woodlawn on Thursday, Feb. 4, accompanied by relatives and friends. The services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Millar, the pastor, whose sympathetic kindness had so impressed her when deprived of her husband that she put her time and means at the disposal of his parish, aiding in its philanthropic work and in the Sabbath school, donating service, books and hymnals and a stereopticon and giving liberally to all its departments. Mr. White's funeral services were held in the church on Sunday, Feb. 14, conducted by the veterans of the Grand Army with whom he had fought in the civil war, assisted by Mr. Wallace Hatch, temporary pastor of the church. The record of the engagements in which he had fought showed that he was worthy of his title of Captain, and many beautiful tributes to him as a man and a soldier were read by comrades. Perhaps the most beautiful and touching was a letter from Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who had been associated with him for many years in many ways to their mutual esteem and confidence.

Mr. White was cremated at Graceland. He leaves a widow, Dr. Annie Hungerford White, and three sons, two of them partners in a law firm and one an architect in the far Northwest. Capt. White's fine class of young men and women in the Sabbath school, in whom he took the greatest pride and delight, are left as sheep without a shepherd, and his place in the church cannot easily be filled. L. J. P.

The Literary League of the Universalist Woman's Association will meet at Ryder Memorial Church on Thursday, March 10. Luncheon will be served at 12 m. and at 1 p. m. the program will begin with a sketch of Ralph Waldo Emerson and quotations, it being an "Emerson Day." The leader, Mrs. Frank Pearson, will be assisted by Dr. Annie H. White and Miss Sophie Wasem. L. J. P.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE NOTES.—A general survey of this field brings encouragement to the secretary and board of directors. Five parishes are making extensive repairs, or building new church edifices. Services have been recently resumed in five other parishes, which were before quiescent. Woman's Branch Alliances have been organized in Arcadia and Neillsville, Wis., and Rev. T. Grafton Owen has decided to move from the former to the latter place, continuing his ministry in that circuit from Neillsville as headquarters. Rev. Howard L. Udell has become minister of the parishes in Brooklyn and Onsted, Mich., where his work opens auspiciously. At Onsted he has organized a Sunday-school. Buda and Sheffield, Ill., are prospering under the ministry of Rev. Fred J. Van Hoesen, as is also Geneseo under that of Rev. Seward Baker. Mr. Baker was formerly at Sheffield and Mr. Van Hoesen at Geneseo.

Since the last report in these columns, changes have also been made in Cherokee, Washta and Decorah, Iowa. Rev. Margaret T. Olmstead, formerly pastor at Cherokee and Washta, has taken charge of the parish at Decorah, leaving her husband, Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, free to do lecturing and general missionary work in that vicinity. Rev. Hedley Hall, who has been doing heroic work at Burlington, Iowa, and Moline and Serena, Ill., found the many miles of railway travel thus made necessary so trying that he was obliged to take up his appointment at the latter place. Serena is now being regularly supplied by Rev. Celia Parker Woolley, of Chicago. The old church at Geneva, Ill., has resumed services under the ministrations of Rev. Marion Murdoch.

The Conference has lost by death two ministers, Rev. Chester Covell and Rev. Thomas Kerr. Two ministers have recently temporarily withdrawn from the Conference, for a change of climate and improved health—Rev. Enoch Powell, of Ord, Neb., and Rev. Robert C. Douthit, of Shelbyville, Ill.

We have four strong recruits from New England. Rev. Robert Ewert Ramsay, pastor of the church in Humboldt, Iowa; Rev. George R. Dodson, pastor of the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Vernon J. Emery, the acting field secretary of Minnesota, under whose leadership services were resumed last Sunday at Winona, and Rev. Charles Ferguson, who is now supplying the churches in St. Joseph and Kansas City, Mo.

In the Church of Good Will at Streator, Ill., Rev. D. M. Kirkpatrick has recently held a series of lectures on "The Wage-earners and the Church," which crowded the building to the doors, with an audience composed mostly of workingmen.

The second oldest church in Illinois was organized in 1840 at Quincy. The happy anniversary held there January 6 demonstrated the fidelity and enthusiasm of that old parish, under the leadership of Rev. Charles W. Pearson, formerly professor at the Northwestern University of Evanston. The mother church in Illinois, the First Unitarian Society of Chicago, reports the largest attended and most enthusiastic annual meeting it has had for years.

The Third Church, Chicago, is now taking active steps to liquidate its indebtedness, and has recently publicly burned a mortgage.

At an informal dinner for the members of Unity Church, Chicago, given at the Sherman House last October, it was voted to resume the service of that church and procure as soon as possible a place for meeting. During the same month, Martine's Hall at 333 Hampden court was rented and regular Sunday services begun. Since that time Unity Church has been supplied every week, partly by local preachers and partly by visiting ministers from various localities. The Woman's Branch Alliance has held regular meetings, at which the interest and attendance are said to be greater than ever before.

On February 7 a new Unitarian church was organized in Chicago by Rev. August Dellgren and twenty-six other Swedish citizens as charter members. The first public service was held Sunday, February 14, in Wells Hall, 1631 North Clark street. There was a large attendance. The name adopted was as follows: "The First Swedish Unitarian Church of Chicago." The motto is from a speech by Pontus Vikner to his students in the old University of Upsala, Sweden—"We will steadfastly look to the ideal." Following is a translation of the bond of union: "Cherishing that spirit of truth, freedom and love which permeated the life and teachings of Jesus and disavowing all bondage to the letter and all narrow-mindedness, we unite with each other in a liberal, creedless Christian congregation, for the worship of God and the service of man." The following named were elected members of the board of trustees: President, C. F. Erikron; secretary, Emil Amelin; treasurer, Edw. Tjellander; Benj. Pehrson, Olaf A. Jennington, Mrs. R. Nuben, Mrs. S. Sellgren. The secretary's address is 1150 Newport avenue.

The work on the new building for All Souls Church at Evanston is now being pushed rapidly to completion, and Mr. Blake

hopes to have the pipe organ built and in working order by May 10, so that at least a part of the dedicatory services may be held in connection with the next annual meeting of the Western Conference—May 17, 18 and 19.

Foreign Notes.

WAR FEELING IN JAPAN.—The following "selected" article on this subject reproduced some weeks ago in *New India* may contribute to an understanding of the present situation in the Far East.

"In reckoning with the war feeling in Japan it is always necessary to remember that the old fighting class of the *samurai* form nine-tenths of the officials of the Empire. They are the officers of the army and the navy, the professors in the University, the magistrates and the lawyers, policemen, the schoolmasters, the members of Parliament and the big merchants; in fact, most of the thinking and the professional classes of the nation are *samurai*, descendants of those men who for many hundreds of years knew no other profession than that of arms, of men brought up under the sternest discipline, whose first commandment was: 'Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth as the enemy of the lord.' And the modern Japanese has not annulled this commandment, but only transferred it from his feudal lord to his Emperor.

"It seemed to us a curious and slightly incongruous proceeding for university professors to present a memorial to the throne petitioning for war. But the Tokyo professors who presented the memorial last July are *samurai* though, as their very interesting petition showed, they had reasoned out the passionless spirit of modern science. One very remarkable point in this remarkable document was that all its arguments were directed to prove not the advisability of war, but the advisability of war at once. The question of the war itself they seemed, if one may read between the lines, to take for granted.

"The Japanese officer, whether in the army or the navy, is even more candid. Many and many a time in the course of conversation I have heard him declare: 'When we fight Russia I shall do so and so,' or 'I'm learning this or teaching my men that because in a war with Russia.' Like the Tokyo professors he regards a war with Russia as inevitable; the only question that troubles him is whether Japan will seize the right moment for declaring it. And this opinion of the officer and the professors is shared by the bulk of the *samurai*, of the men who *are* Japanese opinion. No Japanese has ever forgotten Port Arthur; and the story, which every man, woman and child in Japan knows by heart, the story of the Forty-Seven Ronau, of the men who sacrificed their families and themselves to avenge their lord, will show how patiently the Japanese will wait, how long and how much they will endure in the fulfillment of the stern duty towards their enemy.

"As for the feeling among the people, the peasants, I have come across many curious instances of it. I went once to see the little temple of Rizaki, near Shizuoke, where the great Iyeyasu, the Cromwell of Japan, spent his boyhood. The priest after showing me over the temple asked me if I would translate some English for him. I said: 'Yes' and he instantly produced an old copy of a Jubilee number of some illustrated paper—apparently his greatest treasure. I translated the explanations for him as well as I could, and we came, I remember, to a picture of the Naval Review. He had of course discovered the Japanese ship, and showed it to me with great pride. Among the others I pointed out the Russian boat. He took a good look at it, and said slowly: 'We could beat that.'

"Another time a small boy who had come with me to show me the way, startled me considerably by telling me the number and tonnage of the British cruisers, torpedo and gunboats. He wished Japan had as many, but he consoled himself with reflecting that any how 'they were a match for Russia.' This boy came from the bay that supplies half the sailors of the Japanese navy. Again the son of an inn-keeper of a town unknown of trains and foreigners, who came every evening to ask me questions about England and Siberia, once said he 'didn't suppose he would ever go to England, though he should like to, but thought it very probable he might get to Siberia with the army.' And though sons of the peasants hardly know where or what Russia is, yet go into their schools, as I have done and ask the boys what they would like best to do; they will invariably tell you, 'Die for the Emperor,' and they not only mean it, but would delight to do it.

"If the feeling of the people is in favor of war, the Government, though it may or may not decide to declare it over the Manchuria question, is not unprepared. On the contrary it has been preparing steadily for years. I know for a fact that every Japanese steamer which leaves England—and they go twice a month—carries with her, and has carried for years, a certain definite proportion of her cargo in arms and ammunition. If you ask a Japanese officer what it is all for, he will tell you 'For the Russian war.'

"Not only with cannon and ammunition has Japan prepared, but with knowledge and information. She has sent her students to study in St. Petersburg, and not all the barbers and pedlars and small traders who throng into Siberia are professional barbers and pedlars and traders. Some friends of mine in Vladivostock had a Japanese 'boy' for many months. Last year, much to their surprise, they met him in Tokyo in the uniform of a Japanese officer. And this is not the only case. There are Japanese in Manchuria—more than the Russians approve of. And I heard an English officer, just after the relief of Peking, say that 'how they got their information he couldn't understand, but the Japanese always knew somehow.'

"To sum up, a large party of the thinking class has demanded war ever since the days of Port Arthur; the majority of that class—as shown by the memorial of the Tokyo professors—consider that the opportune moment for declaring it has come, while the bulk of the nation are ready now as always to 'die for the Emperor.'" M. E. H.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore occupied the pulpit of the Melrose Methodist Church Sunday morning, February 14, and gave an address on Abraham Lincoln. Her personal reminiscences brought the days of '60 and '61 near to her hearers. "I was a newspaper reporter at the convention which nominated Lincoln for the presidency," she said, "and the only woman reporter out of ninety-five newspaper representatives present."—*The Woman's Journal.*

"Small griefs find tongue; full casques are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noiseless are, and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depths below."

—*Herrick.*

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